

Twist the Knife (Slowly)

Napalm Death

Gut level, below it all
Off duty, just here Feeling like a knife's being twisted
In the hole of how it is
False hope, an inch of pride that died
When I left to hide From the non-stop battering
Of conditioned opinion
Rest assured but not assured, all is well
But I think we've dealt with the fear
For far too long Unborn suffer, unborn suffer
Unborn suffer the norm Born to this, I thin not
I stand against
Till the shit drops We see all but do nothing
In the hole of how it is

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